

English Toolkit: Indicator 1.1.4

Goal 1.0 Reading, Reviewing and Responding to Texts

Expectation 1.1 The student will use effective strategies before, during, and after reading, viewing, and listening to self-selected and assigned materials.

Indicator 1.1.4 The student will apply reading strategies when comparing, making connections, and drawing conclusions about non-print text.

Assessment Limits:

Recognizing the implications of non-print text such as photographs, posters, art reproductions, cartoons, and stills from film or stage productions Identifying an appropriate purpose for viewing non-print text Confirming the usefulness or purpose for viewing a non-print text Evaluating non-print text as it relates to a print text Focusing on similarities and/or differences in purpose and effect across texts Summarizing, comparing, drawing conclusions about, and synthesizing significant ideas between print and non-print text

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Public Release #1 - Selected Response Item - Released in 2007

English Indicator 1.1.4

Handout(s):

- English Resource: Rough Road Ahead: Do Not Exceed Posted Speed Limit.

Read the essay "Rough Road Ahead: Do Not Exceed Posted Speed Limit." Then answer the following:

Carefully examine the details of the photograph below.

Which of these sentences from the essay would NOT be an appropriate caption for the photograph?

- A. I rode into the morning with strong legs and a smile on my face.
- B. The cool pines and rushing rivers of Yosemite had my name written all over them.
- C. There was no one in sight, not a building, car, or structure of any kind.
- D. With what I believed was my last burst of energy, I maneuvered down the hill.

Public Release #2 - Brief Constructed Response Item - Released in 2005

English Indicator 1.1.4

Handout(s):

- English Resource: In the Country of Grasses

Carefully examine the details of the photograph below.

Write a response that explains whether the photograph communicates ideas that are similar to the ideas found in the essay "In the Country of Grasses." In your response, support your conclusion with appropriate details from both the essay and the photograph.

Use the space below for planning your response. Then write your response in the answer box.

The following 8 Anchor Papers represent a range of score points and are used in conjunction with the rubrics to assess student responses.

Anchor Paper #1

Score for Anchor Paper #1: Rubric Score 1

Annotation: This response shows evidence of a minimal understanding of the text. The student answers the question (both the picture and story are about an African safari) and names common elements (Jeep; tall grass; many different types of herd animals). A difference (I can't see lions in the picture) is also provided.

Anchor Paper #2

Score for Anchor Paper #2: Rubric Score 1

Annotation: This response shows evidence of a minimal understanding of the text. Although the student states that the ideas are similar, the reference to the photograph is vague (the essay describes the photograph and before I even saw the photo I had a great vision of what it looked like) and does not clearly support this conclusion. The quote from "*Grasses*" (the herd of zebras expand to include impalas, gazelles) includes specific details that could be relevant to the photo, but the response lacks information to support an understanding of the text in relation to the question. The last statement (I can picture a herd of animals) lacks an explanation of how this concept supports similar ideas in the two pieces of text.

Anchor Paper #3

Score for Anchor Paper #3: Rubric Score 1

Annotation: This response shows evidence of a minimal understanding. This student sees the two works as "a little different." A brief comparison of the photo and essay includes elements described in the essay, but not contained in the photograph (isn't a lion; zebras do not look like they're running). More textual support for the student's ideas is needed to receive a higher score.

Anchor Paper #4

Score for Anchor Paper #4: Rubric Score 2

Annotation: This response demonstrates a partial understanding of the text. The student compares the similarities of the picture and the essay by citing some literal aspects (the land rover; tourists; animals; safari). Also included is implied information (the essay concentrates on the discovery of new animals and new knowledge; people in the photograph, like the author of the essay,...are fascinated by the animals). The student attempts to support this insight (expresses her fascination by her in-depth descriptions of her experience and feelings); however, this observation lacks specificity and, thus, does not fully connect the support to the conclusion.

Anchor Paper #5

Score for Anchor Paper #5: Rubric Score 2

Annotation: This response demonstrates a literal understanding of the text. The student focuses on a comparison of the setting as seen in the photograph and described in the text (in the photograph you start to recognize the setting that was laid out for you; concentrations of animals; hooves of the wildebeests; the herd of zebra). The tall grass evident in the photo and described in the essay is also noted. By using appropriate expressed ideas and visual elements, the student addresses the demands of the question.

Anchor Paper #6

Score for Anchor Paper #6: Rubric Score 2

Annotation: Demonstrating a partial understanding of the text, the student shows similarities in references to both the essay (hundreds of zebras walk the skyline; herd of zebra expands to include impalas) and the photograph (land rover; herds of zebras and gazelles migrating; high grasses). The student concludes that "the photo provides an image for Terry Tempest Williams experience," but this insight needs more support.

Anchor Paper #7

Score for Anchor Paper #7: Rubric Score 3

Annotation: This response demonstrates an understanding of the complexities of the texts. The student begins with a simple summary of the essay (narrator in the essay travels to Africa, a country at that point she had not explored) and gives some text support (hundreds of zebras walk the skyline; I have never seen such concentration of animals). A succinct description of the picture (a group of four in a land rover watching a herd of zebras) is then provided, proving the commonality of the texts. Moving beyond the literal, the student recognizes the "magic of seeing something for the first time" and supports this idea (upon seeing a lion...every aspect is imbued with magic; the magic present within Africa - the beautiful and exotic wildlife, the breathtaking landscape).

Anchor Paper #8

Score for Anchor Paper #8: Rubric Score 3

Annotation: By providing specific details and explaining why the photograph does not communicate ideas similar to those found in the essay, this response demonstrates an understanding of the complexities of the text. One comparison involves the attitude of the tourists. (The people in the Rover seem to be coldly observing the herds, almost as if the animals are a temporary block in the road. The writer of the essay conveys a sense of wonderment.) Another discussion describes the appearance/attitude of the people. (The tourists in this photograph are far away, too far to make out any real expressions; without any visual aid, the author shows the reader how she feels: thrilled with continual discovery.) Through these insightful, specific comparisons, the student clarifies and extends understanding beyond the literal.

Public Release #3 - Brief Constructed Response Item - Released in 2007

English Indicator 1.1.4

Handout(s):

- English Resource: A Sea Worry

Read the essay "A Sea Worry." Then answer the following:

Carefully examine the details of the two photographs below.

Write a response that explains which photograph better communicates ideas similar to the ideas expressed in the essay "A Sea Worry." In your response, support your conclusion with appropriate details from both the essay and photograph you choose.

Use the space on page ____ of your Answer Book for planning your response. Then write your response on the lines on page ____.

The following 9 Anchor Papers represent a range of score points and are used in conjunction with the rubrics to assess student responses.

Anchor Paper #1

Score for Anchor Paper #1: Rubric Score 1

Annotation: This response shows evidence of a minimal understanding of the texts. The student provides a minimal comparison between the essay (talking about more than one) and the two photographs (all in the water at the same time). Although the student's last two sentences about the "lifeguard" and "sharks" reference information found in the story's first paragraph, this idea does not support an understanding of the text in relation to the question.

Anchor Paper #2

Score for Anchor Paper #2: Rubric Score 1

Annotation: This response shows evidence of a minimal understanding of the texts. The Waggoner photo is chosen, and a brief reason is supplied (their talking about the tube). Text support is provided in a specific quote ('The wave dug into the sand, it formed a brown tube or a golden one'), along with a minimal explanation (which meant they were talking about the wave).

Anchor Paper #3

Score for Anchor Paper #3: Rubric Score 1

Annotation: This response shows evidence of a minimal understanding of the texts. The student suggests that (both photographs show the ideas in the essay) and uses minimal information from the photographs as explanation (the top picture shows the shape of the surfers; the bottom picture shows what its like to ride the enclosure of the tube and the water all around). The student's use of personal opinion (for me it shows that its the way of life; go out their and ride), combined with minimal text ideas (look addicted; your not wet yet), does not provide enough textual support to receive a higher score.

Anchor Paper #4

Score for Anchor Paper #4: Rubric Score 2

Annotation: This response demonstrates a partial understanding of the texts. The student chooses the Waggoner photograph and contrasts it with the Varie photograph. (This shows the man actually experiencing surfing; In the other picture, the boys look dull and bored; man in the chosen picture is taking a risk; not standing on the beach and looking pretty like the other boys.) The student then uses implied information to explain how the Waggoner photograph portrays the ideas of the story (wanted you to take risks, and that is what the man in the chosen picture is doing).

Anchor Paper #5

Score for Anchor Paper #5: Rubric Score 2

Annotation: This response demonstrates a partial understanding of the texts. The student does not choose one photograph; however, a description of both photographs is supplied to describe ideas from the essay (boys are there with their boards eager to surf; shows a surfer taking a risk by riding in a wave that may crash down on him). Specific text references ('It feels so good...' pg, 46; son once saw a shark but did not tell the lifeguard because it would, '...spoil the surfing') and implied information (the danger associated with it; statement appalls the author because her son clearly put fun before safety) provide some textual support.

Anchor Paper #6

Score for Anchor Paper #6: Rubric Score 2

Annotation: This response demonstrates a literal understanding of the texts. The student uses expressed information ('feels so good;' 'are no words for it;' 'when you are in the middle of the tube, and there is water all around you but you are dry') combined with some implied information (showing that the boys are so amazed with the actual surfing; it is better expressing the ideas; giving you a good idea of what the actual surfing is like and how great it is) as support for choosing the "bottom" picture. More clarification and extension of these ideas is needed for a higher score.

Anchor Paper #7

Score for Anchor Paper #7: Rubric Score 3

Annotation: This response demonstrates an understanding of the complexities of the texts. The student chooses the top photograph (four surfers standing on a beach) and gives a complete and thoughtful analysis as to why this is good representation of the essay. Subtleties surrounding the theme (the surfing culture) in both the essay and the chosen photograph are discussed through the use of pertinent and appropriate details (solemn, independent activity; their boards apart from each other without speaking; white males with similar build, identical clothing; yet alone with their boards). Insight is clarified and extended through the matter-of-fact, yet sophisticated, conclusion. (The boys in the story say they can escape society. By not speaking or judging one another they are simply promoting this idea.)

Anchor Paper #8

Score for Anchor Paper #8: Rubric Score 3

Annotation: This response demonstrates an understanding of the complexities of the texts. The student clearly explains how the photograph vividly portrays the ideas expressed in the essay (amazing and undescrivable, just as the boys say about surfing; the "tube" mentioned many times; it shows what the "tube" looks like) The student uses expressed information in the comparison of the two photographs (vivid photograph with a boy surfing/ just shows boys standing together with surfboards; surfing is all about action/the first photograph doesn't even have any action). The response moves beyond the literal in the chosen photograph's evaluation (perfect to express that idea; very vivid), the recognition of the essay's underlying theme (essay is about the feeling of surfing, not who does it or who they do it with), and the extended explanations of basic ideas (because it is the most important thing to the boys; because it was taken in the spur of the moment).

Anchor Paper #9

Score for Anchor Paper #9: Rubric Score 3

Annotation: This response demonstrates an understanding of the complexities of the texts. The student chooses the second photograph as being "best paired" with the essay. Intertwined throughout a description of the photograph, insightful conclusions are drawn (inexplicably defies gravity when cruising through; dangerously rocked and seemingly protected; captures a moment in time undescrivable). Using the same technique, the student depicts the essay (contradictory peace; 'feels so good;' 'cross our hearts so the ocean won't kill us') and then compares the two texts (both describe an experience surfers feel to be nirvana – complete peace before deafening crash and complete stillness while in motion). The conclusion (phrases might initially seem contradictory...both learned ways to express them) continues to clarify and extend understanding beyond the literal.

Public Release #4 - Brief Constructed Response Item - Released in 2006

English Indicator 1.1.4

Handout(s):

- English Resource: Ghost Crab

Read the essay "Ghost Crab." Then answer the following.

Carefully examine the details of the two photographs below.

Write a response that explains which photograph more effectively clarifies the images and ideas expressed in the essay "Ghost Crab." In your response, support your conclusion with appropriate details from both the essay and the photograph you choose.

Use the space on page ___ of your Answer Book for planning your response. Then write your response on the lines on page ___.

The following 7 Anchor Papers represent a range of score points and are used in conjunction with the rubrics to assess student responses.

Anchor Paper #1

Score for Anchor Paper #1: Rubric Score 1

Annotation: This response shows evidence of a minimal understanding of the texts. The student refers to a couple of the top photograph's features (water moving and no crabs) and includes some text support from the essay (I was filled with the odd sensation). The assertion (the author was imaging a crab near the sea) may indicate a misreading of the text.

Anchor Paper #2

Score for Anchor Paper #2: Rubric Score 1

Annotation: This response shows evidence that some meaning has been derived from the texts. The student's choice of photo is supported by a comparison (this picture contains some ghost crabs and the other does not), and a quote from the text is provided ('there was no other visible life — just one small snow crab near the sea').

Anchor Paper #3

Score for Anchor Paper #3: Rubric Score 2

Annotation: This response demonstrates a partial understanding of the texts. The student's choice of photograph is supported by expressed information ('there was no other visible life — just one ghost crab;' 'waves crashing on the beach'). An attempt at analysis is made (looks to be more from the ghost crabs point of view + that was how the man was trying to think); however, more clarity and extended understanding are needed for a higher score.

Anchor Paper #4

Score for Anchor Paper #4: Rubric Score 2

Annotation: This response demonstrates a partial understanding of the texts. Although the first photo is rejected for two reasons, no crabs and no beach, the second is selected because ([it] includes the ghost crabs, the main topic of the essay; shows them 'just above the surf;' the delicate structure of the ghost crab is clearly seen). A brief fragment of interpretation is also given (because it is connected to the theme of how delicate life is).

Anchor Paper #5

Score for Anchor Paper #5: Rubric Score 2

Annotation: This response demonstrates a partial understanding of the texts. The student provides both expressed information ('the distractions of daylight brings into sharper focus the elemental realities;' 'the delicate, destructible, yet incredibly vital force') and implied information (this photograph shows small crabs scuttling on the beach, and it is taken during nighttime; you can perhaps not see, but perceive things better at night) to support the choice of the bottom photograph. More clarification and extension beyond the literal is needed for the response to receive a higher score.

Anchor Paper #6

Score for Anchor Paper #6: Rubric Score 3

Annotation: This response demonstrates an understanding of the complexities of the texts. The selection of the bottom photograph (ghost crabs similarly situated - battling the powerful tide) and the idea of "the simple beauty of the crabs" are supported by expressed information ('ghost crab lying in a pit he had dug just above the surf;' 'a creature in its own world'). Moving beyond the literal, the student clarifies and extends understanding through an in-depth interpretation of the photograph (symbolize the power of outside forces in Carson's essay; triumph of life over the 'harsh realities;' embodies the world of ideas about life itself that Carson strives to describe).

Anchor Paper #7

Score for Anchor Paper #7: Rubric Score 3

Annotation: Through an interweaving of literal information and insight, this response demonstrates an understanding of the complexities of the texts. The student selects the top photo (the crab and the ocean as a 'symbol that stood for life itself') and demonstrates an understanding of the figurative significance of both the ocean (metaphor for the vast, harsh relentlessness of life) and the crab (metaphor for the way people overcome changes in life). The student further clarifies and extends understanding by emphasizing the peril of the crab (its alone, facing the ocean) An insightful conclusion completes this thoughtful response. (Photograph one represents the power of life, the vastness of it. Although there is no crab to stand up to the ocean, the photograph effectively describes the metaphor of the ocean as life described by Carson.)

Handouts

Rough Road Ahead: Do Not Exceed Posted Speed Limit

by Joe Kurmaskie

FORGET THAT OLD SAYING ABOUT NEVER taking candy from strangers. No, a better piece of advice for the solo cyclist would be, "Never accept travel advice from a collection of old-timers who haven't left the confines of their porches since Carter¹ was in office." It's not that a group of old guys doesn't know the terrain. With age comes wisdom and all that, but the world is a fluid place. Things change.

At a reservoir campground outside of Lodi, California, I enjoyed the serenity of an early-summer evening and some lively conversation with these old codgers.² What I shouldn't have done was let them have a peek at my map. Like a foolish youth, the next morning I followed their advice and launched out at first light along a "shortcut" that was to slice away hours from my ride to Yosemite National Park.

They'd sounded so sure of themselves when pointing out landmarks and spouting off towns I would come to along this breezy jaunt.

Things began well enough. I rode into the morning with strong legs and a smile on my face. About forty miles into the pedal, I arrived at the first "town." This place might have been a thriving little spot at one time—say, before the last world war—but on that morning it fit the traditional definition of a ghost town. I chuckled, checked my water supply, and moved on. The sun was beginning to beat down, but I barely noticed it. The cool pines and rushing rivers of Yosemite had my name written all over them.

Twenty miles up the road, I came to a fork of sorts. One ramshackle shed, several rusty pumps, and a corral that couldn't hold in the lamest mule greeted me. This sight was troubling. I had been hitting my water bottles pretty regularly, and I was traveling through the high deserts of California in June.

I got down on my hands and knees, working the handle of the rusted water pump with all my strength. A tarlike substance oozed out, followed by brackish water feeling somewhere in the neighborhood of two hundred degrees. I pumped that handle for several minutes, but the water wouldn't cool down. It didn't matter. When I tried a drop or two, it had the flavor of battery acid.

The old guys had sworn the next town was only eighteen miles down the road. I could make that! I would conserve my water and go inward for an hour or so—a test of my inner spirit.

Not two miles into this next section of the ride, I noticed the terrain changing. Flat road was replaced by short, rolling hills. After I had crested the first few of these, a large highway sign jumped out at me. It read: ROUGH ROAD AHEAD: DO NOT EXCEED POSTED SPEED LIMIT.

The speed limit was 55 mph. I was doing a water-depleting 12 mph. Sometimes life can feel so cruel.

I toiled on. At some point, tumbleweeds crossed my path and a ridiculously large snake—it really did look like a diamondback—blocked the majority of the pavement in front of me. I eased past, trying to keep my balance in my dehydrated state.

The water bottles contained only a few tantalizing sips. Wide rings of dried sweat circled my shirt, and the growing realization that I could drop from heatstroke on a gorgeous day in June simply because I listened to some gentlemen who hadn't been off their porch in decades, caused me to laugh.

It was a sad, hopeless laugh, mind you, but at least I still had the energy to feel sorry for myself. There was no one in sight, not a building, car, or structure of any kind. I began breaking the ride down into distances I could see on the horizon, telling myself that if I could make it that far, I'd be fine.

Over one long, crippling hill, a building came into view. I wiped the sweat from my eyes to make sure it wasn't a mirage, and tried not to get too excited. With what I believed was my last burst of energy, I maneuvered down the hill.

In an ironic twist that should please all sadists reading this, the building—abandoned years earlier, by the looks of it—had been a Welch's Grape Juice factory and bottling plant. A sandblasted picture of a young boy pouring a refreshing glass of juice into his mouth could still be seen.

I hung my head.

That smoky blues tune "Summertime" rattled around in the dry honeycombs of my deteriorating brain.

I got back on the bike, but not before I gathered up a few pebbles and stuck them in my mouth. I'd read once that sucking on stones helps take your mind off thirst by allowing what spit you have left to circulate. With any luck I'd hit a bump and lodge one in my throat.

It didn't really matter. I was going to die and the birds would pick me clean, leaving only some expensive outdoor gear and a diary with the last entry in praise of old men, their wisdom, and their keen sense of direction. I made a mental note to change that paragraph if it looked like I was going to lose consciousness for the last time.

Somehow, I climbed away from the abandoned factory of juices and dreams, slowly gaining elevation while losing hope. Then, as easily as rounding a bend, my troubles, thirst, and fear were all behind me.

GARY AND WILBER'S FISH CAMP—IF YOU WANT BAIT FOR THE BIG ONES, WE'RE YOUR BEST BET!

"And the only bet," I remember thinking.

As I stumbled into a rather modern bathroom and drank deeply from the sink, I had an overwhelming urge to seek out Gary and Wilber, kiss them, and buy some bait—any bait, even though I didn't own a rod or reel.

An old guy sitting in a chair under some shade nodded in my direction. Cool water dripped from my head as I slumped against the wall beside him.

"Where you headed in such a hurry?"

"Yosemite," I whispered.

"Know the best way to get there?"

I watched him from the corner of my eye for a long moment. He was even older than the group I'd listened to in Lodi.

"Yes, sir! I own a very good map."

And I promised myself right then that I'd always stick to it in the future.

¹ Carter: Jimmy Carter, President of the United States, 1977–1981

² codgers: eccentric men

When traveling to new country, it is a gift to have a guide. They know the nuances¹ of the world they live in. Samuel smells rain the night before it falls. I trust his instincts and borrow them until I uncover my own. But there is danger here. One can become lazy in the reliance on a guide. The burden of a newcomer is to pay attention.

The Land Rover slips into the savannah like a bird dog entering a marsh. We are fully present. I watch Samuel's eyes scan the horizon. He points south.

"Zebra," he says. "They are migrating north from Tanzania. Thousands more are on their way."

Hundreds of zebras walk the skyline. They become animated heat waves.

We drive closer. I have never seen such concentrations of animals. At one point I think I hear thunder. It is the hooves of wildebeests. Suddenly, the herd of zebra expands to include impalas, gazelles, and animals I do not recognize.

"Topi," Samuel says.

I flip through my field guide of African mammals and find it. An extraordinary creature, it is the color of mahogany with blue patches on its flanks and ocher² legs. I look at the topi again, this time through binoculars. Its black linear face with spiraling horns creates the illusion of a primitive mask. The topi I watch stands motionless on a termite mound. Binoculars down, I look at Samuel. He says the topi resemble hartebeests. A small herd of topi runs in front of the vehicle in a rocking-horse gait³ and vanishes.

⁸Samuel gives away his knowledge sparingly—in gentle, quiet doses. He is respectful of his teachers and those he is teaching. In this way he is generous. He gives me the pleasure of discovery. Slowly, African riddles unravel themselves like a piece of cut linen.

The sweet hissing of grasses accompanies us as we move ahead. We pass the swishing tails of wildebeests. We are looking for lions.

¹⁰Anticipation is another gift for travelers in unfamiliar territory. It quickens the spirit. The contemplation of the unseen world; imagination piqued⁴ in consideration of animals.

We stop. Samuel points. I see nothing. I look at Samuel for clues. He points again. I still see nothing but tall, tawny grasses around the base of a lone tree. He smiles and says, "Lions."

I look. I look so hard it becomes an embarrassment—and then I see eyes. Lion eyes. Two amber beads with a brown matrix. Circles of contentment until I stand; the lion's eyes change, and I am flushed with fear.

"Quiet," Samuel whispers. "We will watch for a while."

As my eyes become acquainted with lion, I begin to distinguish fur from grass. I realize there are two lions, a male and a female lying together under the stingy shade of a thorn tree. I can hear them breathe. The male is breathing hard and fast, his black mane in rhythm with the breeze. He puts his right paw on the female's shoulder. Ears twitch. We are no more than ten feet away. He yawns. His yellow canines are as long as my index finger. His jowls look like well-worn leather. He stands. The grasses brush his belly. Veins protrude from his leg muscles. This lion is lean and strong. No wonder that in the Masai mind every aspect of a lion is imbued⁵ with magic.

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- ¹ nuances: degrees of difference in meaning
 - ² ocher: color having shades of yellow, orange, and brown
 - ³ gait: way of moving by lifting the feet in a different order or rhythm such as a trot, gallop, or run
 - ⁴ piqued: excited one's interest or curiosity
 - ⁵ imbued: filled; saturated

"In the Country of Grasses" by Terry Williams, from *An Unspoken Hunger* by Terry Tempest Williams, copyright © 1994 by Terry Tempest Williams. Used by permission of Pantheon Books, a division of Random House, Inc.

A Sea Worry

by Maxine Hong Kingston

THIS SUMMER MY SON body-surfs. He says it's his "job" and rises each morning at 5:30 to catch the bus to Sandy Beach. I hope that by September he will have had enough of the ocean. Tall waves throw surfers against the shallow bottom. Undertows have snatched them away. Sharks prowl Sandy's. Joseph told me that once he got out of the water because he saw an enormous shark. "Did you tell the lifeguard?" I asked. "No." "Why not?" "I didn't want to spoil the surfing." The ocean pulls at the boys, who turn into surfing addicts. At sunset you can see the surfers waiting for the last golden wave.

"Why do you go surfing so often?" I ask my students.

"It feels so good," they say. "Inside the tube, I can't describe it. There are no words for it."

"You can describe it," I scold, and I am very angry. "Everything can be described. Find the words for it, you lazy boy. Why don't you go home and read?" I am afraid that the boys give themselves up to the ocean's mindlessness.

When the waves are up, surfers all over Hawaii don't do their homework. They cut school. They know how the surf is breaking at any moment because every fifteen minutes the reports come over the radio; in fact, one of my former students is the surf reporter.

Some boys leave for mainland colleges, and write their parents heart-rending letters. They beg to come home for Thanksgiving. "If I can just touch the ocean," they write from Missouri and Kansas, "I'll last for the rest of the semester." Some come home for Christmas and don't go back.

Even when the assignment is about something else, the students write about surfing. They try to describe what it is to be inside the wave as it curls over them. Making a tube or "chamber" or "green room" or "pipeline" or "time warp." They write about the silence, the peace, "no hassles," the feeling of being reborn as they shoot out the end. They've written about the perfect wave. Their writing is full of clichés. "The endless summer," they say. "Unreal."

Surfing is like a religion. Among the martyrs are George Helm, Kimo Mitchell, and Eddie Aikau. Helm and Mitchell were lost at sea riding their surfboards from Kaho'olawe, where they had gone to protest the Navy's bombing of that island. Eddie Aikau was a champion surfer and lifeguard. A storm had capsized the *Hokule'a*, the ship that traced the route that the Polynesian ancestors sailed from Tahiti, and Eddie Aikau had set out on his board to get help.

Since the ocean captivates our son, we decided to go with him to Sandy's.

¹⁰ We got up before dawn, picked up his friend, Marty, and drove out of Honolulu. Almost all the traffic was going in the opposite direction, the freeway coned to make more lanes into the city. We came to a place where raw mountains rose on our left and the sea fell on our right, smashing against the cliffs. The strip of cliff pulverized into sand is Sandy's. "Dangerous Current Exist," said the ungrammatical sign.

Earl and I sat on the shore with our blankets and thermos of coffee. Joseph and Marty put on their fins and stood at the edge of the sea for a moment, touching the water with their fingers and crossing their hearts before going in. There were fifteen boys out there, all about the same age, fourteen to twenty, all with the same kind of lean v-shaped build, most of them with black hair that made their wet heads look like sea lions. It was hard to tell whether our kid was one of those who popped up after a big wave. A few had surfboards, which are against the rules at a body-surfing beach, but the lifeguard wasn't on duty that day.

As they watched for the next wave the boys turned toward the ocean. They gazed slightly upward; I thought of altar boys before a great god. When a good wave arrived, they turned, faced shore, and came shooting in, some taking the wave to the right and some to the left, their bodies fish-like, one arm out in front, the hand and fingers pointed before them, like a swordfish's beak. A few held credit card trays, and some slid in on trays from McDonald's.

"That is no country for middle-aged women," I said. We had on bathing suits underneath our clothes in case we felt moved to participate. There were no older men either.

Even from the shore, we could see inside the tubes. Sometimes, when they came at an angle, we saw into them a long way. When the wave dug into the sand, it formed a brown tube or a golden one. The magic ones, though, were made out of just water, green and turquoise rooms, translucent walls and ceiling. I saw one that was powder-blue, perfect, thin; the sun filled it with sky blue and white light. The best thing, the kids say, is when you are in the middle of the tube, and there is water all around you but you're dry.

The waves came in sets; the boys passed up the smaller ones. Inside a big one, you could see their bodies hanging upright, knees bent, duckfeet fins paddling, bodies dangling there in the wave.

Once in a while, we heard a boy yell, "Aa-who!" "Poon tah!" "Aaroo!" And then we noticed how rare a human voice was here; the surfers did not talk, but silently, silently rode the waves.

Since Joseph and Marty were considerate of us, they stopped after two hours, and we took them out for breakfast. We kept asking them how it felt, so they would not lose language.

"Like a stairwell in an apartment building," said Joseph, which I liked immensely. He hasn't been in very many apartment buildings, so had to reach a bit to get the simile. "I saw somebody I knew coming toward me in the tube, and I shouted, 'Jeff. Hey Jeff,' and my voice echoed like a stairwell in an apartment building. Jeff and I came straight at each other—mirror tube."

"Are there ever girls out there?" EarlI asked. "There's a few who come out at about eleven," said Marty.

"How old are they?"

"About twenty."

"Why do you cross your heart with water?"

"So the ocean doesn't kill us."

I describe the powder-blue tube I had seen.

"That part of Sandy's is called Chambers," they said.

I am relieved that the surfers keep asking one another for descriptions. I also find some comfort in the stream of commuter traffic, cars filled with men over twenty, passing Sandy Beach on their way to work.

Excerpt from "A Sea Worry" by Maxine Hong Kingston, copyright © 1978 by Maxine Hong Kingston. Used by permission of the author.

Ghost Crab

by Rachel Carson

The shore at night is a different world, in which the very darkness that hides the distractions of daylight brings into sharper focus the elemental¹ realities. Once, exploring the night beach, I surprised a small ghost crab in the searching beam of my torch. He was lying in a pit he had dug just above the surf, as though watching the sea and waiting. The blackness of the night possessed water, air, and beach. It was the darkness of an older world, before Man. There was no sound but the all-enveloping, primeval² sounds of wind blowing over water and sand, and of waves crashing on the beach. There was no other visible life—just one small crab near the sea. I have seen hundreds of ghost crabs in other settings, but suddenly I was filled with the odd sensation that for the first time I knew the creature in its own world—that I understood, as never before, the essence of its being. In that moment time was suspended; the world to which I belonged did not exist and I might have been an onlooker from outer space. The little crab alone with the sea became a symbol that stood for life itself—for the delicate, destructible, yet incredibly vital force that somehow holds its place amid the harsh realities of the inorganic³ world.

¹ elemental: essential, basic

² primeval: ancient, prehistoric

³ inorganic: not composed of living matter

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English Indicator 1.1.4

Answer Key

Public Release Item #1 - Selected Response (SR) - 2007

B. The cool pines and rushing rivers of Yosemite had my name written all over them.

Public Release Item #2 - Brief Constructed Response (BCR) - 2005

Refer to Annotated Student Responses and Scoring Rubric

Public Release Item #3 - Brief Constructed Response (BCR) - 2007

Refer to Annotated Student Responses and Scoring Rubric

Public Release Item #4 - Brief Constructed Response (BCR) - 2006

Refer to Annotated Student Responses and Scoring Rubric

Rubric - Brief Constructed Response (BCR)

Score 3

The response demonstrates an understanding of the complexities of the text.

- Addresses the demands of the question
- Uses expressed and implied information from the text
- Clarifies and extends understanding beyond the literal

Score 2

The response demonstrates a partial or literal understanding of the text.

- Addresses the demands of the question, although may not develop all parts equally
- Uses some expressed or implied information from the text to demonstrate understanding
- May not fully connect the support to a conclusion or assertion made about the text(s)

Score 1

The response shows evidence of a minimal understanding of the text.

- May show evidence that some meaning has been derived from the text
- May indicate a misreading of the text or the question
- May lack information or explanation to support an understanding of the text in relation to the question

Score 0

The response is completely irrelevant or incorrect, or there is no response.